

The Waiting Room

Forgotten room lit by candle lost to night.

Shadows

haunt walls. Wraiths of wind and
the lonely.

The room is Sanctuary from myself
or from others.
A single chair is the place to sit, to die,
to consider

time and living.

Far above, a trillion suns
in legions of space and dimension.
They trickle each skylight, entering the room
into my eyes

and surely they watch.

Rainbows
move to the floor room center
as a column, oddly enough, and very
cold, very void. No care from it comes, no rhythm at all, the
touch of a being who knows and yet cannot think
or visit.

Sparks perform a sharp-focus pano,
violence and vast disconsideration

(More)

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of color
or maybe qualm of neural galaxy,
forbidden.

Black light genetics and a brain betrays.
I drop to the floor while energy melts, along with
sound.
Aware of the end, I wander and fade, with no care at all
and nothing to say, really.

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Centuries later, my personal skeleton is picked and bleached
bones aware somehow
that on this site,
there once stood a room:

Sanctuary.

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Night again;

oh, the faraway suns pepper each of the
alien skies.

Their gravitational wave is glory unfathomed,
a requiem for this travel-wounded and clock scrambled
place

I knew.